# A COLLECTION

OF

# MISCELLANEOUS SONGS,

FOR THE USE OF THE

## CINCINNATI HIGH SCHOOL.

# SONGS.

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## Brothers be Brave for the Pining Slave.

AIR—"*Sparkling and Bright.*"

Heavy and cold in his dungeon hold,
  Is the yoke of the oppressor;
Dark o'er the soul is the fell control
  Of the stern and dread transgressor.

CHORUS.

  Oh then come all to bring the thrall
    Up from his deep despairing,
  And out of the jaw of the bandit's law,
    Retake the prey he's tearing.

Brothers be brave for the pining slave,
  From his wife and children riven;
From every vale their bitter wail
  Goes sounding up to Heaven.
    Then for the life of that poor wife,
      And for those children pining;
    O ne'er give o'er till the chains no more
      Around their limbs are twining.

Gloomy and damp is the low rice swamp,
  Where their meagre bands are wasting;
All worn and weak, in vain they seek
  For rest, to the cool shade hasting;
    For drivers fell, like fiends from hell,
      Cease not their savage shouting;
    And the scourge's crack, from quivering back,
      Sends up the red blood spouting.

Into the grave looks only the slave,
  For rest to his limbs aweary;

this spirit's light comes from that night,
To us so dark and dreary.
That soul shall nurse its heavy curse
Against a day of terror,
When the lightning gleam of his wrath shall stream
Like fire, on the hosts of error.

Heavy and stern are the bolts which burn
In the right hand of Jehovah;
To smite the strong red arm of wrong,
And dash his temples over;
Then on amain to rend the chain,
Ere bursts the vollied thunder;
Right onward speed till the slave is freed—
His manacles torn asunder.

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## O pity the Slave Mother.

AIR—*Araby's Daughter.*

I pity the slave mother, careworn and weary,
Who sighs as she presses her babe to her breast;
I lament her sad fate, all so hopeless and dreary,
I lament for her woes, and her wrongs unredressed.
O who can imagine her heart's deep emotion,
As she thinks of her children about to be sold;
You may picture the bounds of the rock-girdled ocean,
But the grief of that mother can never be known.

The mildew of slavery has blighted each blossom,
That ever has bloomed in her path-way below;
It has froze every fountain that gushed in her bosom,
And chilled her heart's verdure with pitiless woe:
Her parents, her kindred, all crushed by oppression;
Her husband still doomed in its desert to stay;
No arm to protect from the tyrant's aggression—
She must weep as she treads on her desolate way.

O, slave mother, hope! see—the nation is shaking!
The arm of the Lord is awake to thy wrong!
The slave-holder's heart now with terror is quaking.
Salvation and Mercy to Heaven belong!

Rejoice, O rejoice! for the child thou art rearing,
May one day lift up its unmanacled form,
While hope, to thy heart, like the rain-bow so cheering,
Is born, like the rain bow, 'mid tempest and storm.

## The Blind Slave Boy.

Come back to me mother! why linger away
From thy poor little blind boy, the long weary day!
I mark every footstep, I list to each tone,
And wonder my mother should leave me alone!
There are voices of sorrow, and voices of glee,
But there's no one to joy or to sorrow with me;
For each hath of pleasure and trouble his share,
And none for the poor little blind boy will care.

My mother, come back to me! close to thy breast
Once more let thy poor little blind one be pressed;
Once more let me feel thy warm breath on my cheek,
And hear thee in accents of tenderness speak!
O mother! I've no one to love me—no heart
Can bear like thine own in my sorrows a part,
No hand is so gentle, no voice is so kind,
Oh! none like a mother can cherish the blind!

Poor blind one! No mother thy wailing can hear,
No mother can hasten to banish thy fear;
For the slave-owner drives her, o'er mountain and wild,
And for one paltry dollar hath sold thee, poor child!
Ah! who can in language of mortals reveal
The anguish that none but a mother can feel,
When man in his vile lust of mammon hath trod
On her child, who is stricken and smitten of God!

Blind, helpless, forsaken, with strangers alone,
She hears in her anguish his piteous moan;
As he eagerly listens—but listens in vain,
To catch the loved tones of his mother again!
The curse of the broken in spirit shall fall
On the wretch who hath mingled this wormwood and gall,
And his gain like a mildew shall blight and destroy,
Who hath torn from his mother the little blind boy!

## We are Come, all Come.

We are come, all come, with the crowded throng.
To join our notes in a plaintive song;
For the bondman sighs, and the scalding tear
Runs down his cheek while we mingle here.

We are come, all come, with a hallowed vow,
At the shrine of slavery never to bow,
For the despot's reign o'er hill and plain,
Spreads grief and woe in his horrid train.

We are come, all come, a determined band,
To rescue the slave from the tyrant's hand;
And our prayers shall ascend with our songs to Him
Who sits in the midst of the cherubim.

We are come, all come, in the strength of youth,
In the light of hope and the power of truth;
And we joy to see in our ranks to-day,
The honored locks of the good and grey.

We are come, all come, in our holy might,
And freedom's foes shall be put to flight;
Oh God! with favoring smiles from thee,
Our songs shall soon chant the victory.

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## Ye Sons of Freemen.

AIR—*Marseilles Hymn.*

Ye sons of freemen wake to sadness,
Hark! hark, what myriads bid you rise;
Three millions of our race in madness
Break out in wails, in bitter cries,
Break out in wails, in bitter cries,
Must men whose hearts now bleed with anguish,
Yes, trembling slaves in freedoom's land
Endure the lash, nor raise a hand?
Must nature 'neath the whip-cord languish?
Have pity on the slave,
Take courage from God's word;
Pray on, pray on, all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free

The fearful storm—it threatens lowering,
Which God in mercy long delays;
Slaves yet may see their masters cowering,
While whole plantations smoke and blaze!
While whole plantations smoke and blaze!
And we may now prevent the ruin,
Ere lawless force with guilty stride
Shall scatter vengeance far and wide—
With untold crimes their hands embruing.
Have pity on the slave;
Take courage from God's word;
Pray on, pray on, all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free.

With luxury and wealth surrounded,
The southern masters proudly dare,
With thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend God's light and air!
To mete and vend God's light and air;
Like beasts of burden, slaves are loaded,
Till life's poor toilsome day is o'er;
While they in vain for right implore;
And shall they longer still be goaded?
Have pity on the slave;
Take courage from God's word;
Toil on, toil on, all hearts resolved these captives shall be free

O Liberty! can man e'er bind thee?
Can overseers quench thy flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or threats thy Heaven born spirit tame?
Or threats thy Heaven born spirit tame?
Too long the slave has groaned bewailing
The power these heartless tyrants wield;
Yet free them not by sword or shield,
For with men's hearts they're unavailing;
Have pity on the slave:
Take courage from God's word;
Toil on! toil on! all hearts resolved—these captives shall be free!

## The Liberty Ball.

AIR—*Rosin the Bow.*

Come all ye true friends of the nation,
Attend to humanity's call;
Come aid the poor slave's liberation,
And roll on the liberty ball—
And roll on the liberty ball—
Come aid the poor slaves liberation,
And roll on the liberty ball.

The Liberty hosts are advancing—
For freedom to *all* they declare;
The down-trodden millions are sighing—
Come, break up our gloom of despair.
Come break up our gloom of despair, &c.

Ye Democrats, come to the rescue,
And aid on the liberty cause,
And millions will rise up and bless you
With heart-cheering songs of applause,
With heart-cheering songs, &c.

Ye Whigs forsake slavery's minions,
And boldly step into our ranks;
We care not for party opinions,
But invite all the friends of the banks,—
And invite all the friends of the banks, &c.

And when we have formed the blest union
We'll firmly march on, one and all—
We'll sing when we meet in communion,
And *roll on* the liberty ball,
And roll on the liberty ball, &c.

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## The Stranger and his Friend.

TUNE, "*Duane Street.*"

A poor wayfaring man of grief,
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay;

I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye,
Which won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

'Twas night. The floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof:
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
I laid him on my couch to rest:
Then made the ground my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

I saw him bleeding in his chains,
And tortured 'neath the driver's lash,
His sweat fell fast along the plains,
Deep dyed from many a fearful gash:
But I in bonds remembered him,
And strove to free each fettered limb.
As with my tears I washed his blood,
Me he baptized with mercy's flood.

I saw him in the negro pew,
His head hung low upon his breast,
His locks were wet with drops of dew,
Gathered while he for entrance pressed
Within those aisles, whose courts are given
That black and white may reach one heaven;
And as I meekly sought his feet,
He smiled and made a throne my seat.

In prison I saw him next condemned
  To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'midst shame and scorn.
My friendships utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
  The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
  My Savior stood before my eyes!
He spoke, and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed,
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not thou did'st it unto me."

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## The Seasons.

Four seasons make up all the days of the year;
If you'd know what they are, then come hither and hear,
How in order they pass, and what presents they bring;
The Summer, the Autumn, the Winter and Spring.

When the young leaves just peep from their buds on the spray,
When the primrose and thorn-blossom blow by the way,
When the thrush and the lark are beginning to sing,
Then know 'tis the season, the season of Spring.

When the lily shoots up with its beautiful flowers,
When the jassamine hangs in thick wreaths on the bower,
When the moss-rose is blooming and scenting the air,
'Tis Summer, sweet Summer, and sunshine is there.

When the last corn is howed, 'tween the showers, on the hill,
When the flowers are all gone, and the evenings are chill;
When the leaves, one by one, fall away from the trees,
Then Autumn is come, with his clouds and his breeze.

When the snow-flake skims down, and the strong winds do blow,

And the icicles hang o'er the streamlet below;
When the woods are all bare, and the birds sing no more,
'Tis Winter, cold Winter, the last of the four.

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## Swiss Boy.

Come away, come away, now my merry Swiss { Boy, Girl,
To the fields bright with dew we will stray;
The sun is up, the sky is clear,
And the morning bird's sweet song we hear:
Come away, come away, now my merry Swiss { Boy, Girl,
To the fields bright with dew we will stray.

Come away, come away, now my merry Swiss { Boy, Girl,
To the fields bright with dew we will stray;
The new mown hay now fills the air,
And the wild rose sheds its fragrance there:
Come away, come away, now my merry Swiss { Boy, Girl,
To the fields bright with dew we will stray.

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## The Gardener with his shovel.

When sweet breathed May the earth salutes,
And tree and shrub put forth their shoots,
How busily about their roots,
The gardener plies his shovel!

He loosens well the rich black soil,
He kills the weeds that crowd and spoil
His dear young plants;—with cheerful toil
The gardener plies his shovel.

The brook for him sweet murmuring makes,
The feathered choir its concert wakes,
The ling'ring zephyr, soft, o'ertakes
The gardener with his shovel.

The buds and flowers, and each sweet sight,
His inmost sense and soul's delight,
And day by day, from morn 'till night,
The gardener with his shovel.

### Over the Mountain.

Over the mountain, and over the moor.
Hungry and weary I wander forlorn;
My father is dead, and my mother is poor,
And she grieves for the days that will never return;
Give me some food for my mother in charity;
Give me some food and then I will begone.
Pity kind gentlemen, friends of humanity,
Cold blows the wind and night's coming on.

Call me not indolent beggar and bold enough,
Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew;
I've two little brothers at home, when they're old enough,
They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.
Pity, kind gentlemen friends of humanity,
Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on;
Give me some food for my mother in charity,
Give me some food, and then I will begone.

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### Hail! All Hail! Thou merry month of May.

Hail! all hail! thou merry month of May!
We will hasten to the woods away,
Among the flowers so sweet and gay;
Then away to hail the merry, merry May,
The merry, merry May.

Hark! hark! hark! To hail the month of May,
How the songsters warble on the spray!
And we will be as blithe as they;
Then away, to hail, &c.

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### Sunrise.

See where the rising sun,
In splendor decks the skies,
His daily course begun,
Haste, and arise.
O, come with me where violets bloom,
And fill the air with sweet perfume,

And where like diamonds to the sight,
  Dew drops sparkle bright.

Fair is the face of morn;
  Why should your eyelids keep
Closed when the night is gone?
  Wake from your sleep?
Oh, who would slumber in his bed
  When darkness from his couch has fled;
And when the lark ascends on high.
  Warbling songs of joy?
Fair is the face, &c.

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**The Swiss Toy Girl.**

I've come across the sea,
  I've braved every danger,
For a brother dear to me!
  From Swiss land a ranger.
Then pity, assist and protect a poor stranger,
  And buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.
    And buy, &c.

Come round me, ladies fair,
  I've ribbands and laces,
I've trinkets, rich and rare,
  To add to the graces,
Of waist, neck, or arm,
  Or your sweet pretty faces.
    Then buy, &c.

I've paint, and I've perfume,
  For those who may choose them;
Young ladies, I presume
  You all will refuse them;

The bloom on your chook
Shows that you never use them.
Yet buy, &c.

I've a cross to make you smart,
On your breast you may bear it
Just o'er your little heart,
I advise you to wear it.
And I hope that no other
Cross o'er will come near it.
So buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.
Yes, yes, I do.

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**A Beacon has been lighted.**

AIR—"*Blue eyed Mary.*"

A beacon has been lighted,
Bright as the noon day sun;
On worlds of mind benighted,
Its rays are pouring down;
Full many a shrine of error,
And many a deed of shame,
Dismayed has shrunk in terror,
Before the ligthed flame.
Victorious, on, victorious!
Froud beacon onward haste;
'Till floods of light all glorious,
Illume the moral waste.

Oppression foul has foundered,
The demon gasps for breath;
His rapid march is downward,
To everlasting death.
Old age and youth united,
His works shall prostrate hurl,

And soon himself, affrighted,
  Shall hurry from this world,
    Victorious, on, victorious, &c.

Proud liberty untiring,
  Strikes at the monster's heart;
Beneath her blows expiring,
  He dreads her well-aimed dart.
Her blows—we'll pray "God speed" them,
  Oppression to despoil;
And how we fought for freedom,
  Let future ages tell.
    Victorious, on, victorious, &c.

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**Winter Song.**

Now the summer days are past,
  Pleasant fruits and painted flowers,
Hear the cold and cheerless blast
  Whistling thro' the leafless bowers.
Silent is the insect's hum
Now the wintry time has come,

Short and gloomy are the days;
  Oft the storm roars round our dwelling;
How the snow fills up the ways!
List the winds of sorrow telling,
Telling of the shivering poor,
O what hardships they endure!

Come around the pleasant fire,
  See how sprightly it is burning!
Evening lights the tall church spire;
  All are to their homes returning:
Let us try to spend it well,
'Till we hear its closing bell,

Soon the spring of life will end:
  Fast our youthful days are flying!
To the grave our footsteps tend,
  Where the frozen snows are lying:
Father, when our age is past,
O receive our souls at last.

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### The Fugitive.

AIR—"*Bonny Doon.*"

A noble man of sable brow
Came to my humble cottage door.
With cautious, weary step and s! w,
And asked if I could feed the poor;
He begged if I had aught to give,
To help the panting fugitive.

I told him he had fled away
From his kind master, friends, and home;
That he was black, a slave astray,
And should return as he had come;
That I would to his master give
The straying villain fugitive.

He fell upon his trembling knee
And claimed he was a brother man,
That I was bound to set him free,
According to the Gospel plan;
And if I would God's grace receive,
That I must help the fugitive.

He showed the stripes his master gave,
The festering wound the sightless eye,
The common badges of the slave,
And if I nothing had to give,
I should not stop the fugitive.

He owned his was a sable skin,
That which his Maker first had given:
But mine would be a darker sin,
That would exclude my soul from heaven;
And if I would God's grace receive,
I should relieve the fugitive.

I bowed and took the stranger in,
And gave him meat and drink, and rest,
I hope that God forgave my sin,
And made me with that brother blest;
I am resolved, long as I live,
To help the panting fugitive.

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**The Way to Contentment.**

Let us with a cheerful mind,
Lead our life uprightly;
Virtue's paths e'er taking,
All that's ill forsaking.
Come let us all unite in this,
And so contentment we'll possess,
And then we'll all be glad, glad, glad,*
And then we'll all be glad.

Let us banish lust and pride,
Living pure and humble;
Given to all well doing,
Every vice eschewing;
Come let us all, &c.

Let us ever cherish truth,
Truth is worth possessing;
Let us live uprightly,

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*At the words *glad, glad, glad*, the hands are to be clapped.

Hourly, daily, nightly.
Come let us all, &c.
Let us seek in all we do,
Solid, lasting treasure;
Good we e'er may cherish,
Good that will not perish.
Come let us all, &c.

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**Patriotic Song.**

Friends, we bid you welcome here,
Freedoms sacred cause revere;
Daily breathe a breath sincere,
For them who suffer wrong.
Fear not lest your hope should fail.
Truth is strong and must prevail.
What though foes our cause assail,
They'll never prosper long.

Who is he devoid of shame,
Justice for himself would claim,
Yet deny to all the same,
Through vain and selfish pride?
Friends, you long our hearts have known,
You're not left to fight alone;
We will make the cause our own,
For Heaven is on our side.

Who would live, to live in vain,
Live alone for worldly gain?
Spending days and nights in pain
For some ignoble end?
We would hope to leave behind,
Better times than now we find;
Better be it for mankind,
That we have lived their friend.

### The Poor Little Slave.

O pity the poor little slave,
Who labors hard through all the day—
And has no one,
When day is done,
To teach his youthful heart to pray.

No words of love—no fond embrace—
No smiles from parents kind and dear;
No tears are shed
Around his bed,
When fever's rage and death is near.

None feel for him when heavy chains
Are fastened to his tender limb;
No pitying eyes,
No sympathies,
No prayers are raised to heaven for him.

Yes, I will pity the poor slave,
And pray that he may soon be free;
That he at last,
When days are past,
In heaven may have his liberty,

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### Strike for Liberty.

AIR—"*Scots wha hae.*"

Sons of Freedom's honored sires,
Light anew your beacon fires,
Fight till every foe retires
From your hallowed soil.
Sons of Pilgrim fathers blest,
Pilgrim mothers gone to rest,
Listen to their high behest,
Strike for Liberty.

Ministers of God to men,
Heed ye not the nation's sin?
Heaven's blessing can ye win
If ye falter now?
Men of blood now ask your vote,
O'er your heads their banner's float;
Raise, Oh raise the warning note,
God and duty call!

Men of justice bold and brave,
To the ballot-box and save
Freedom from her opening grave—
Onward! brothers on!
Christian patriots, tried and true,
Freedom's eyes now turn to you;
Foes are many, are ye few?
Gideon's God is yours.

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**The Might with the Right.**

May every year but draw more near
The time when strife shall cease,
And truth and love all hearts shall move,
To live in joy and peace.
Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,
For folly still her power maintains;
But the day will yet appear,
When the might with the right and the truth shall be,
And come what there may,
To stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
Though humble efforts fail;
Oh! give not o'er until once more

The righteous cause prevail.
In vain, and long enduring wrong,
The weak may strive against the strong.
But the day shall yet &c,

Though interest pleads that noble deeds
The world will not regard;
To noble minds that duty binds,
No sacrifice is hard.
The brave and true may seem but few,
But hope has better things in view;
And the day will yet, &c.

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**Auld lang syne at School.**

Shall school acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Shall school acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne at school,
We'll have a thought of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We oft have run about the fields,
And culled the flowers fine;
We'll ne'er forget those hours, when they
Are auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

We oft have cheered each other's task,
From morn till day's decline;
But memory's night shall never rest
On auld lang syne,
For auld lang syne, &c.

Then take the hand that now is warm,
Within a hand of thine;
No distant day shall lose the grasp
Of auld lang syne,
For auld lang syne, &c.

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**Welcome to school.**

Come where joy and gladness
Make each youthful stranger a welcome guest;
Come where grief and sadness
Will not find a dwelling in your breast.
Time with us will pass away,
With books, or work or healthful play;
Sometimes with a cheerful song,
The happy hours will glide along.

Thus our days employing,
We are always learning some useful thing;
These pursuits enjoying,
Merrily together we will sing.
Tho' in sports we take delight
We also love to read and write;
Those who teach us, too we prize,
Who strive to make us good and wise.
Come where joy and gladness, &c.

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**The Strawberry.**

In the thick and grassy wood,
Where the sunny streaks are breaking,
And the birds their songs are waking,
Where the fragrant flowers repose,
There the pretty strawberry grows.

Tell me, strawberry, fresh and sweet,

Who made all your red so shining,
Like the crimson sun declining,
And who gave you your pleasant smell?
Tell me pretty strawberry, tell.

It was God who made you so—
He your lovely color brightens,
He your charming odor heightens;
Humble vines and lofty wood,
Ever tells us, "God is good."

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**Ye Spirits of the Free.**

AIR—"*My faith looks up to thee.*"

Ye spirits of the free,
Can ye forever see,
Your brother man
A yoked and scourged slave,
Chains dragging to his grave,
And raise no hand to save?
Say if you can.

In pride and pomp to roll,
Shall tyrants from the soul
God's image tear,
And call the wreck their own,—
While, from the eternal throne,
They shut the stifled groan,
And bitter prayer?

Shall he a slave be bound,
Whom God hath doubly crowned
Creation's lord?
Shall men of Christian name,
Without a blush of shame,
Profess their tyrant claim
From God's own word?

No! at the battle cry,
A host prepared to die,
Shall arm for fight—
But not with martial steel,
Grasped with a murderous zeal;
No arms their foes shall feel,
But love and light.

Firm on Jehovah's laws,
Strong in their righteous cause,
They march to save.
And vain the tyrant's mail,
Against their battle-hail,
Till cease the woe and wail
Of tortured slave!

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### The Paper House.

Gentle neighbors, wherefore laugh,
When the wind like idle chaff,
Blows away my careful pile—
Is it worth your smile?

Oh! ye build your towers of air,
Morning sees them tall and fair;
But when shuts the eye of day—
Tell me where are they?

Read ye not a lesson here,
Ye who fashion's temples rear?
Know ye not their columns must
Crumble soon to dust?

Why, Oh why then will you laugh?
When the wind like idle chaff
Blows away my careful pile—
Is it worth your smile?

## Wake ye Numbers!

AIR—*Strike the Cymbals.*

Wake ye numbers! from your slumbers,
  Hear the song of freedom pour!
Flags are waving, all tyrants braving,
  Proudly, freely, o'er our plains;
By its shaking, fiercely breaking,
  Every chain upon our shore.
Let no minions check our pinions,
  While a single grief remains.
Proud oblations, Queen of nations!
  Have been poured upon thy waters;
Afric's bleeding sons and daughters,
  Now before us, loud implore us,
Looking to Jehovah's throne;
  Chains are wearing, hearts despairing,
Will ye hear a nations moan?
  Soothe their sorrow, ere the morrow
Change their aching hearts to stone:
  Then the light of nature's smile
Freedom's realm shall bless the while;
  And the pleasure mercy brings
  Flow from all her latent springs;
Delight shall spread her shining wings,
  Rejoicing, Rejoicing, Rejoicing.
Daily, nightly, burning brightly,
  Glory's pillar fills the air;
Hearts are waking, chains are breaking,
  Freedom bids her sons prepare:
O'er the ocean, in proud devotion,
  Incense rises to the skies;
From our mountains, o'er our fountains,
  See, our Eagle proudly flies!
What deploring impedes his soaring?
  Millions still in bondage sighing!
Long in deep oppression lying!
Shall their story mar our glory?
  Must their life in sorrow flow?
Tears are falling! fetters galling!
  Listen to the cry of woe!

Still oppressing! never blessing!
Shall their grief no ending know?
Yes! our nation yet shall feel;
Time shall break the chain of steel;
Then the slave shall nobly stand;
Peace shall smile with lustre bland;
Glory shall crown our happy land—
Forever.

## Song of the Coffle Gang.*

See these poor souls from Africa,
Transported to America,
We are stolen, and sold to Georgia, will you go along with me?
We are stolen and sold to Georgia, go sound the jubilee.

See wives and husbands sold apart,
The children's screams!—it breaks my heart;
There's a better day a coming, will you go along with me?
There's a better day a coming, go sound the jubilee.

O gracious Lord! when shall it be,
That we poor souls shall all be free?
Lord, break them Slavery powers—will you go along with me?
Lord, break them Slavery powers, go sound the jubilee.

Dear Lord! dear Lord! when Slavery'll cease,
Then we poor souls can have our peace;
There's a better day a coming, will you go along with me?
There's a better day a coming, go sound the jubilee.

## The Slave's Lamentation.

AIR—*Long, long ago*:

Where are the friends that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago—long ago!
Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer?
Long, long ago—long ago!
I am degraded, for man was my foe,

*This song is said to be sung by Slaves, as they are chained in gangs, when parting from friends for the far off South—children taken from parents, husbands from wives, and brothers from sisters.

Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low,
All hope of freedom hath fled from me now.
Long, long ago—long, long ago!

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head—
Long, long ago—long ago!
Oh, how I wept when I found she was dead!
Long, long ago—long ago!
She was my angel, my love and my pride—
Vainly to save her from torture I tried,
Poor broken heart! She rejoiced as she died,
Long, long ago—long, long ago!

Let me look back on the days of my youth—
Long, long ago—long ago!
Master withheld from me knowledge and truth—
Long, long ago—long ago!
Crushed all the hopes of my earliest day,
Sent me from father and mother away—
Forbade me to read, nor allowed me to pray—
Long, long ago—long, long ago!

---

## The Bereaved Mother.

AIR—*Kathleen O'Moore.*

Oh deep was the anguish of the slave mother's heart,
When called from her darling for ever to part;
So grieved that lone mother, that heart broken mother,
In sorrow and wee.

The lash of the master her deep sorrows mock.
While the child of her bosom is sold on the block;
Yet loud shrieked that mother, poor heart broken mother,
In sorrow and wee.

The babe in return, for its fond mother cries,
While the sound of their wailings, together arise;
They shriek for each other, the child and the mother,
In sorrow and woe.

The harsh auctioneer to sympathy cold,
Tears the babe from its mother and sells it for gold;

While the infant and mother, loud shriek for each other,
In sorrow and woe.

At last came the parting of mother and child,
Her brain reeled with madness, that mother was wild;
Then the lash could not smother the shrieks of that mother,
Of sorrow and woe,

The child was borne off to a far distant clime,
While the mother was left in anguish to pine;
But reason departed. and she sank broken hearted,
In sorrow and woe.

That poor mourning mother, of reason bereft,
Soon ended her sorrows and sank cold in death:
Thus died that slave mother, poor heart broken mother,
In sorrow and woe.

Oh! list ye kind mothers to the cries of the slave;
The parents and children implore you to save;
Go! rescue the mothers, the sisters and brothers,
From sorrow and woe.

---

## We're Coming! We're Coming!

AIR—*Kinloch of Kinloch.*

We're coming, we're coming, the fearless and free,
Like the winds of the desert, the waves of the sea!
True sons of brave sires who battled of yore,
When England's proud lion ran wild on our shore!
We're coming, we're coming, from mountain and glen,
With hearts to do battle for freedom again;
Oppression is trembling as trembled before,
The Slavery which fled from our fathers of yore.

We're coming, we're coming, with banners unfurled,
Our motto is FREEDOM, our country the world;
Our watchword is LIBERTY—tyrants beware!
For the liberty army will bring you despair!
We're coming, we're coming, we'll come from afar,
Our standard we'll nail to humanity's car;
With shoutings we'll raise it, in triumph to wave,
A trophy of conquest, or shroud for the brave.

Then arouse ye, brave hearts, to the rescue come on!
The man-stealing army we'll surely put down;
They are crushing their millions; but soon they must yield,
For *freemen* have *risen* and taken the field.
Then arouse ye! arouse ye! the fearless and free,
Like the winds of the desert, the waves of the sea;
Let the north, west, and east, to the sea-beaten shore,
*Resound* with a *liberty triumph* once more.

## The Clarion of Freedom.

The clarion, the clarion of Freedom now sounds,
From the east to the west Independence resounds;
From the hills, and the streams, and the far distant skies,
Let the shout Independence from Slav'ry arise.

The army--the army have taken the field,
And the Liberty hosts never, never will yield;
By free principles strengthened, each bosom now glows,
And with ardor immortal the struggle they close.

The armor, the armor that girds every breast,
Is the hope of deliverance for millions oppressed;
O'er the tears, and the sighs, and the wrongs of the
See the white flag of freedom triumphantly wave.

The conflict—the conflict will shortly be o'er,
And the demon of slavery shall rule us no more;
And the laurels of victory shall surely reward
The heroes immortal who've conquered for God.

## Wake, Sons of the Pilgrims.

Wake sons of the Pilgrims; and look to your right!
The despots of Slavery are up in their might;
Indulge not in sleep. it's like digging the graves
Of blood-purchased freedom—'tis yielding like slaves.
Then halloo, halloo halloo to the contest,
Awake from your slumbers, no longer delay,
But struggle for freedom, while struggle you may—
Then rally. rally, rally, rally, rally, rally,
While our forests shall wave or while rushes a river,
Oh. yield not your birth-right! maintain it for ever!

Wake, Sons of the Pilgrims! why slumber ye on?
Your chains are now forging, your fetters are done;
Oh! sleep not, like Samson, on Slavery's foul arm,
For, Delilah-like, she's now planning your harm.
Then halloo, halloo, halloo, to the contest!
Awake from your sleeping—nor slumber again,
Once bound in your fetters, you'll struggle in vain;
Then rally, rally, rally, rally, rally, rally—
While your eye-balls may move, O wake up now, or never—
Wake, freemen! awake, or you're ruined forever!

Yes, freemen are waking! we fling to the breeze,
The bright flag of freedom, the banner of Peace;
The slave long forgotten, forlorn, and alone,
We hail as a brother—our own mother's son!
Then halloo, halloo, halloo, to the contest:
For freedom we rally—for freedom to all—
To rescue the slave, and ourselves too from thrall.
We rally, rally, rally, rally, rally, rally—
While a slave shall remain, bound, the weak by the stronger,
We will never disband, but strive harder and longer.

## The Yankee Girl.

She sings by her wheel at that low cottage door,
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before;
With a music as sweet as the music which seems
Breathed softly and faintly in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage door—
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?
'Tis the great Southern planter—the master who waves
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

"Nay, Ellen—for shame! Let those Yankee fools spin,
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of their skin:
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

But thou art too lovely and precious a gem
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them—
For shame, Ellen, shame!—cast thy bondage aside,
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,
Where the shade of the palm tree is over my home,
And the lemon and orange are white in their bloom!

Oh, come to my home, where my servants shall all
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling and awe,
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law."

Oh, could ye have seen her—that pride of our girls—
Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,
With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on steel:

"Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast sold!
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

And the sky of thy South may be brighter than ours,
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;
But, dearer the blast round our mountains which raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes over slaves!

Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be
In *fetters* with *them*, than in freedom with *thee!*"

---

## We're for Freedom through the Land.

We are coming, we are coming! freedom's battle is begun!
No hand shall furl her banner ere her victory be won!
Our shields are locked for liberty, and mercy goes before:
Tyrants tremble in your citadel! oppression shall be o'er.
We will vote for Freedom.

We will vote for Freedom,
We're for Liberty and Justice,
And for Freedom through the land.

We have hatred, dark and deep, for the fetter and the thong;
We bring light for prisoned spirits, for the captive's wail a song;
We are coming, we are coming! and "No league with tyrant man,"
Is emblazoned on our banner, while Jehovah leads the van!
We will vote for Freedom, &c.

We are coming, we are coming! but we wield no battle brand:
We are armed with truth and justice, with God's charter in our hand;
And our voice which swells for freedom--freedom now and ever more—
Shall be heard as ocean's thunder, when they burst upon the shore!
We will vote for Freedom, &c.

Be patient, O, be patient! ye suffering ones of earth!
Denied a glorious heritage—our common right by birth;
With fettered limbs and spirits, your battle shall be won!
O be patient—we are coming! suffer on, suffer on!
We will vote for Freedom, &c.

We are coming, we are coming! not as comes the tempest's wrath,
When the frown of desolation sits brooding o'er its path;
But with mercy, such as leaves his holy signet-light upon
The air in lambent beauty, when the darkened storm is gone.
We will vote for Freedom, &c.

O, be patient in your misery! be mute in your despair!
While your chains are grinding deeper, there's a voice upon the air!
Ye shall feel its potent echoes, ye shall hear its lovely sound,
We are coming! we are coming! bringing freedom to the bound!
We will vote for Freedom, &c.

## The Bereaved Father.

Ye've gone from me, my gentle ones,
With all your shouts of mirth;
A silence is within my walls,
A darkness round my hearth.

Woe to the hearts that heard, unmoved,
The mother's anguish'd shriek!
And mock'd, with taunting scorn, the tears
That bathed a father's cheek.

Woe to the hands that tore you hence,
My innocent and good!
Not e'en the tigress of the wild,
Thus tears her fellow's brood.

I list to hear your soft sweet tones,
Upon the morning air;
I gaze amidst the twilight's gloom,
As if to find you there.

But you no more come bounding forth
To meet me in your glee;
And when the evening shadows fall,
Ye are not at my knee.

Your forms are aye before my eyes,
Your voices on my ear,
And all things wear a thought of you,
But you no more are here.

You were the glory of my life,
My blessing and my pride!
I half forgot the name of slave,
When you were by my side!

Woe for your lot, ye doomed ones! woe,
A seal is on your fate!
And shame, and toil, and wretchedness,
On all your steps await!

### Hark! I hear a sound of Anguish.

Hark! I hear a sound of anguish
In my own native land;
Brethren, doomed in chains to languish,
Lift to heaven the suppliant hand,
And despairing,
Death the end of woe demand.

Let us raise our supplication
For the wretched suffering slave,
All whose life is desolation,
All whose hope is in the grave;
God of mercy!
From thy throne, O hear and save.

Those in bonds we would remember
As if we with them were bound;
For each crushed, each suffering member
Let our sympathies abound,
Till our labors
Spread the smile of freedom round.

Even now the word is spoken;
"Slavery's cruel power must cease,
From the bound the chain be broken,
Captives hail the kind release,"
While in splendor
Comes to reign the Prince of Peace.

---

### Get off the Track.

AIR—*Dan Tucker.*

Ho! the car Emancipation
Rides majestic thro' our nation,
Bearing on its train the story,
Liberty! a nation's glory.
Roll it along, thro' the nation,
Freedom's car, Emancipation!

First of all the train, and greater,
Speeds the dauntless Liberator,

Onward cheered amid hosannas,
And the waving of free banners.
Roll it along! spread your banners,
While the people shout hosannas.

Men of various predilections,
Frightened, run in all directions;
Merchants, editors, physicians,
Lawyers, priests, and politicians.
Get out of the way! every station!
Clear the track of 'mancipation!

Let the ministers and churches
Leave behind sectarian lurches;
Jump on board the Car of Freedom,
Ere it be too late to need them.
Sound the alarm! Pulpits thunder!
Ere too late you see your blunder!

Politicians gazed, astounded,
When, at first, our bell resounded:
*Freight trains* are coming, tell these foxes,
With our *votes* and *ballot boxes*.
Jump for your lives! politicians,
From your dangerous, false positions.

Railroads to Emancipation
Cannot rest on *Clay* foundation.
And the road that Polk erects us,
Leads to Slavery, and to Texas!
Pull up the rails! Emancipation
Cannot rest on such foundation.

All true friends of Emancipation,
Haste to Freedom's railroad station;

Quick into the cars get seated,
All is ready and completed.
Put on the steam! all are crying,
And the liberty flags are flying.

Now again the bell is tolling,
Soon you'll see the car-wheels rolling:
Hinder not their destination,
Chartered for Emancipation.
Wood up the fire! keep it flashing,
While the train goes onward dashing.

Hear the mighty car-wheels humming!
Now look out! *the Engine's coming!*
Church and statesmen! hear the thunder!
Clear the track or you'll fall under.
Get off the track! all are singing,
While the *Liberty bell* is ringing.

On, triumphant see them bearing,
Through sectarian rubbish tearing;
The bell and whistle and the steaming,
Startle thousands from their dreaming.
Look out for the cars while the bell rings!
Ere the sound your funeral knell rings.

See the people run to meet us;
At the depots thousands greet us;
All take seats with exultation,
In the Car Emancipation.
Huzza! Huzza!! Emancipation
Soon will bless our happy nation,
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!!!

**Slave Girl mourning her Father.**

They say I was but four years old
When father was sold away;
Yet I have never seen his face
Since that sad parting day.
He went where brighter flowrets grow
Beneath the Southern skies;
Oh who will show me on the map
Where that far country lies?

I begged him. "father, do not go!
For, since my mother died,
I love no one so well as you;"
And, clinging to his side,
The tears came gushing down my cheeks
Until my eyes were dim;
Some were in sorrow for the dead,
And *some* in love for him.

He knelt and prayed of God above,
"My little daughter spare,
And let us both here meet again,
O keep her in thy care."
He does not come!—I watch for him
At evening twilight grey,
Till every shadow wears his shape,
Along the grassy way.

I muse and listen all alone,
When stormy winds are high,
And think I hear his tender tone,
And call, but no reply;
And so I've done those four long years,
Without a friend or home,

Yet every dream of hope is vain,—
Why don't my father come?

Father—dear father, are you sick,
Upon a stranger shore?—
The people say it must be so—
O send to me once more,
And let your little daughter come,
To soothe your restless bed,
And hold the cordial to your lips,
And press your aching head.

Alas!—I fear me he is dead!—
Who will my trouble share?
Or tell me where his form is laid,
And let me travel there?
By mother's tomb I love to sit,
Where the green branches wave:
Good people! help a friendless child
To find her father's grave.

---

**The Slave and her Babe.**

O, massa, let me stay, to catch
My baby's sobbing breath;
His little glassy eye to watch,
And smooth his limbs in death,
And cover him with grass and leaf,
Beneath the plantain tree!
It is not sullenness, but grief—
O, massa, pity me!

God gave me babe—a precious boon,
To cheer my lonely heart,
But massa called to work too soon,

And I must needs depart.
The morn was chill—I spoke no word,
But feared my babe might die,
And heard all day, or thought I heard,
My little baby cry.

At noon—O, how I ran! and took
My baby to my breast!
I lingered—and the long lash broke
My sleeping infant's rest.
I worked till night—till darkest night,
In torture and disgrace;
Went home, and watched till morning light,
To see my baby's face.

The fulness from its cheek was gone,
The sparkle from its eye;
Now hot, like fire, now cold, like stone,
I *knew* my babe must die.
I worked upon plantation ground,
Though faint with woe and dread,
Then ran, or flew, and here I found—
See massa, almost dead.

Then give me but one little hour—
O! do not lash me so!
One little hour—one little hour—
And gratefully I'll go.
Ah me! the whip has cut my boy,
I heard his feeble scream;
No more—farewell my only joy,
My life's first gladsome dream!

I lay thee on the lonely sod,
The heaven is bright above;

These Christians boast they have a God,
And say his name is Love:
O gentle, loving God, look down!
My dying baby see;
The mercy that from earth is flown,
Perhaps may dwell with THEE!

---

**Be Free, O Man, be Free.**

The storm-winds wildly blowing,
The bursting billows mock,
As, with their foam-crests glowing,
They dash the sea-girt rock;
Amid the wild commotion,
The revel of the sea,
A voice is on the ocean,
Be free, O man, be free.

Behold the sea-brine leaping
High in the murky air;
List to the tempest sweeping
In chainless fury there.
What moves the mighty torrent,
And bids it flow abroad?
Or turns the rapid current?
What, but the voice of God?

Then, answer, is the spirit
Less noble or less free?
From whom does it inherit
The doom of slavery?
When man can bind the waters,
That they no longer roll,
Then let him forge the fetters
To clog the human soul.

Till then a voice is stealing
  From earth and sea, and sky,
And to the soul revealing
  Its immortality.
The swift wind chants the numbers
  Careering o'er the sea,
And earth aroused from slumbers,
  Re-echoes, "Man, be free."

---

**Stolen we were.**

Stolen we were from Africa,
Transported to America;
Its work all day and half the night,
And rise before the morning light;
  Sinner! man! why dont you repent?
  For the judgment is rolling around!

Like the brute beast in public street,
Endure the cold and stand the heat;
King Jesus told you once before
To go your way and sin no more;
  Sinner! man! &c.

If e'er I reach the Northern shore,
I'll ne'er go back, no, never more;
I think I hear these ladies say,
We'll sing for Freedom night and day;
  Sinner! man! &c.

Now let us all, yes, every man,
Vote for the Slave, for now we can;
Break every yoke and every chain,
And make the slave a man again;
  Sinner! man! &c.

Come let us go for James G. Birney,
Who sells not flesh and blood for money;
He is the man you all can see,
Who gave his slaves their liberty;
Sinner! man! &c.

We hail thee as an honest Man,
God made thee on his noblest plan;
To stand for freedom in that hour,
To thrust a blow at Slavery's power;
Sinner! man! &c.

---

**Be Kind to each other.**

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection,
Of kindness—returned!

When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps!
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love!

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,

The closer still cling!
Oh! be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

---

**Hymn for Children.**

Air—*Miss Lucy Long.*

While we are happy here,
In joy and peace and love,
We'll raise our hearts, with holy fear,
To thee, great God, above.

God of our infant hours!
The music of our tongues,
The worship of our nobler powers,
To thee, to thee belongs.

The little trembling slave
Shall feel our sympathy;
O God! arise with might to save,
And set the captive free.

No parent's holy care
Provides for him repose,
But oft the hot and briny tear,
In sorrow freely flows.

The God of Abraham praise,
The curse he will remove;
The slave shall welcome happy days,
With liberty and love.

Pray without ceasing, pray,
Ye saints of God Most High,
That all who hail this glorious day,
May have their liberty.

**The Fugitive Slave to the Christian.**

The fetters galled my weary soul—
A soul that seemed but thrown away;
I spurned the tyrant's base control,
Resolved at last the man to play:—
The hounds are baying on my track;
O Christian! will you send me back?

I felt the stripes, the lash I saw,
Red, dripping with a father's gore;
And, worst of all their lawless law,
The insults that my mother bore!
The hounds are baying on my track,
O Christian! will you send me back?

Where human law o'er rules Divine,
Beneath the sheriff's hammer fell
My wife and babes,—I call them mine,—
And where they suffer, who can tell?
The hounds are baying on my track,
O Christian! will you send me back?

I seek a home where man is man,
If such there be upon this earth,
To draw my kindred, if I can,
Around its free, though humble hearth.
The hounds are baying on my track,
O Christian! will you send me back?

---

**What means that Sad and Dismal Look?**

What means that sad and dismal look,
And why those falling tears?
No voice is heard, no word is spoke,
Yet nought but grief appears.

Ah! Mother, hast thou ever known
  The pain of parting ties?
Was ever infant from thee torn
  And sold before thine eyes?

Say, would not grief *thy* bosom swell?
  *Thy* tears like rivers flow?
Should some rude ruffian seize and sell
  The child thou lovest so?

There's feeling in a *Mother's* breast,
  Though *colored* be her skin!
And though at Slavery's foul behest,
  She must not weep for kin.

I had a lovely, smiling child,
  It sat upon my knee;
And oft a tedious hour beguiled,
  With merry heart of glee.

That child was from my bosom torn,
  And sold before my eyes;
With outstretched arms, and looks forlorn,
  It uttered piteous cries.

Mother! dear Mother!—take, O take
  Thy helpless little one!
Ah! then I thought my heart would break;
  My child—my child was gone.

Long, long ago, my child they stole,
  But yet my grief remains;
These tears flow freely—and my soul
  In bitterness complains.

Then ask not why "my dismal look,"
  Nor why my "falling tears,"
Such wrongs, what human heart can brook?
  No hope for me appears.

---

**Sing me a Triumph Song.**

Sing me a triumph song,
Roll the glad notes along,
    Great God, to thee!
Thine be the glory bright,
Source of all power and might!
For thou hast said, in might,
    Man shall be free.

Sing me a triumph song,
Let all the sound prolong,
    Air, earth, and sea,
Down falls the tyrant's power,
See his dread minions cower;
Now, from this glorious hour,
    Man will be free.

Sing me a triumph song,
Sing in the mighty throng,
    Sing Jubilee!
Let the broad welkin ring,
While to Heaven's mighty King,
Honor and praise we sing,
    For man is free.

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